

HOLY CROSS

MAGAZINE • MARCH 1961

HOLY CROSS..

... A monthly magazine devoted to giving information on the Religious Life in the Episcopal Church, and setting forth the Catholic Faith as the basis of devout practice.

CONTENTS:

Volume LXXII, No. 3 • March, 19
Editor: The Reverend Father Superior, O.F.M.

Alice P. Wheeler 88 THE CROSS ANSWERS ALL

Bonnell Spencer, O.H.C. 98 PENANCE

Ralph Martin, S.S.M. 104 SOCIETY OF THE SACRED MISSIONS

Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C.R. 110 HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE USA

G. Mdhladhla 114 BISHOP ZULU

Frederick Ward Kates 116 MIDDAY MEDITATIONS

Sister Mary Hilary, C.S.M. 119 TEILHARD: SYNTHESIS AND HOPES

121 BOOK REVIEW

121 ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

122 COMMUNITY NOTES

Holy Cross Magazine is published by The Order of The Holy Cross,
A Monastic Community of Priests and Laymen of The Episcopal Church.

Subscription Rates: \$3.00 for One Year U. S. A. — \$3.25 Foreign.
Request for change of address must be received four weeks in advance and must
be accompanied by old as well as new address. Send all remittances etc., to:
Holy Cross Publications, West Park, New York

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at West Park, N. Y. under the act of
Congress August 24th, 1912, with additional entry at Newburgh, N. Y.

Religious Life Sunday - May 14th



THE Cross answers all

has developed from my
strong conviction that each word uttered
from the cross was a definite
answer to the thoughts of those gathered
under it. The answers apply to all today who believe.

In imagination I have endeavored to suggest
the thoughts in the minds of four of those at the Crucifixion:
The centurion, who was converted by his act;

The mother who loved; The unbeliever searching
for the truth, but without the faith needed to find;
The priests, as a group, who would not believe.

The same words were heard by some as a whisper, by others
as a shout; by some as a question, by others as a statement;
depending on their thoughts at the time.

Alice P. Wheeler

THE CROSS was in place.

The centurion's job was finished — now all that remained was to keep his little band of men in order until death overtook the three men.

Somehow he was not pleased with the day's work. He should feel proud, for the will of the multitude had been done — but there was something about the eyes, the attitude, the humbleness of the central figure, The King of the Jews, which disturbed him. He had begun to feel it when he had placed the crown of thorns on the head. The centurion had meant to be smart, but Jesus had been submissive to His tormentors and somehow it had not seemed so clever after it was done.

The centurion listened to the crowd shouting.

Yes, he had been chosen to carry out their will and he should be glad, but the cries began to irk him.

"Save yourself." "You have saved others, yourself you can not save." "If you truly are the Son of God, come down from the cross and we will believe."

Slowly the conviction enters the centurion's mind that as Jesus was submissive to His tormentors He will be submissive to death. The Will of His Father.

It is amazing though that the taunts do not provoke Him. Listen, what is He saying?

"Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

"Forgive?" Yes, He is asking that we be forgiven. It is aimed directly at me but it answers all.

Forgive me, Father, for I know not what I do. I have followed orders. I have crucified a man, but what kind of man? A mortal or a divine one? He has just wrung a prayer of repentance from me! I begin to feel that He is the long awaited Messiah, the Son of God.

I am a centurion. I am used to the sight of death, but this man moves me more than I have ever felt moved before.

Father forgive them. Why do I take this personally? Why do I reply, "Yes, Father, forgive me?" I must get hold of myself for it would never do to let my men see me this way.

Look at His mother kneeling there under the cross listening to the shouts. What is she thinking?

Mary is saying to herself, "I must close my ears to these taunts, for He could save Himself but if He were to do so He could not save the world. Only by this sacrifice can He redeem the world and that is what He was born to do. Oh why don't the people stop shouting? Why can't they realize His pain is for them — why can't they see the truth?" He looks up at the face on the Cross. The sadness in Christ's eyes is not for Himself — His words prove that.

"Father forgive them" — the words are spoken to someone right here with Him. Of course God is with Him in this hour of trial. "For they know not what they do." How can they understand when even those of us who love Him and believe can not fully understand? He said He would rise again from the dead. What did He mean? But if He is asking to have His crucifiers forgiven, then I too must try to forgive them. I too must pray, "Father forgive them."

A man standing off from the crowd, with a puzzled look on his face, is trying to understand. Just last Sunday he had been in the crowd meeting this man with palms. There was something about Him which he could not fathom. He had felt that he wanted to know Him better, but here, not even a week later, the same crowd was crucifying Him. It was a good thing he had not gone further with his plan to meet this teacher. What were those words He spoke just then?

"Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

This is true, they know not what they do — Palm Sunday and Good Friday, one is wrong for they are opposites. "They know not what they do" — but which is right? I almost find my answer at times; He has a certain pull, but it evades me. It is a puzzle. Adore or crucify? Which should it be? Will I ever find the truth? He holds the truth but the multitude sways me. Surely if He were, the Son of God He would not be hanging from the cross. But asking forgiveness for those who crucify Him is not the normal reaction of man. What is there about Him that I can not seem to grasp?

Look at the priests standing smugly in a group over there. They are looking mighty proud. What are they saying?

"We have finally been able to get rid of this trouble maker — this pretender — who even now cries out, 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do.'"

Oh, we know well enough. Listen to Him even now on the cross speaking to God as Father, but does God answer Him? Does God save Him? NO — for there is no more truth in the fact that He is the Son of God than there is in the number of other things He has taught and said. Yes, we are well rid of Him.

After some time they are aware of a conversation between the two thieves and Christ.

Now He is making promises to the prisoner who hangs with Him.

"Verily I say unto you, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Still making His promises, at least He is consistent. But what good does it do? Death is the end. This has been a fine day's work.

The unbeliever is thinking of life and death. Death is such a permanent thing and it comes to all. It does not matter that this young teacher is dying — but it is the manner of death — surely He deserves something better than this — yet there is a dignity about Him. See Him hanging there between the two prisoners. He seems to have a knowledge of something better to come. I wish I could have spoken to Him once — maybe I would have found His power. Hear Him give courage to that one beside Him.

"Verily I say unto you, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

See how it eases the prisoner's pain. Hope divine — even from the cross He has power to give hope to one, while the other taunts Him and can not grasp any more than I can. Oh, if I had only met Him sooner.

The centurion is beginning to see a light. He can not quite explain it, but it started with that prayer of repentance. He tries to remember some of the teachings he has heard.

Blessed are the humble and meek — that is entirely out of his category. Blessed are they that mourn (here is a wedge, for he is beginning to mourn the fact that he was chosen to crucify this One) for they shall be comforted.

Be comforted? How can I be comforted, he thinks, standing here watching my own doing? What comfort can come from a cross? But then, the thief beside Him needs comfort and is asking —

"Remember me when you come into your own."

He believes, but how will he be comforted?

"Verily I say unto you, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

That is a warm promise — it holds conviction and comforts the thief. Comfort from the cross! Oh what have I done? Whom have I crucified? I must not let my soldiers see me weakening, but the longer I stand here the more certain I am becoming that this Man has a divine power, that He is the Son of God.

The mother, still kneeling quietly, is heartbroken. Yet she feels a certain pride. This Son, given her thirty-three years ago, has now fulfilled the work He was born to do, or He would not be hanging from the cross. His friends and followers are stunned now — but they will remember all He has taught them. Some of His teachings are still a mystery to her, but probably will be cleared up in time to come. He was always so willing to help anyone who asked for it. Hear Him even now telling the repentant thief that this day he will be in Paradise with him. This day! I wish it would end. How long has it been a'ready? I can not stand this heart break much longer. If only John would put his strong arms around me and give me a little support. She looks hopefully at him, but the disciple is too lost in his own grief to notice. She looks back at the cross, and as she does so Christ speaks again. He can do something to help His mother these last few trying hours. In answer to her need he says gently,

"Woman behold thy Son," and to John, "Behold thy mother."

Through His pain He has heard her very thoughts and responded.

"Behold thy mother." With these words John turns and places his arms about Mary's shoulders.

The unbeliever is trying to decide just what it is that makes a man great. He has been standing watching this crucifixion for some time and has come to the conclusion that this is a great man, but what makes Him great? Is it His submissiveness or His deep concern for others — no — it is more than that. Is it His love for all? That is what it is — His love. He seems to have a love for all men. He first showed this by asking forgiveness for all — next He showed it to the penitent thief, now to His mother and disciple.

"Woman behold thy son — Behold thy mother."

He remembers those He loves — He takes care of His own in His dying agony. All His words from the cross have shown love. I could almost believe. If only I had met Him sooner, He might have been able to change me. He pulls at all men and some have faith and respond, while others merely feel the pull.

The priests are still talking. They have just mentioned His rising

again. What had He meant? He said He would rise from the dead on the third day, but no one can rise from the dead. The words from the cross break in on their conversation.

"Woman behold thy son — Behold thy mother."



Listen to Him — He is taking care of His mother's future. Would he bother with that if it were true that He was to rise again on the third day? He forgets His own teachings. Yes, we are well rid of this betrayer. He has just given us proof to further our own cause.

The centurion's mind comes back to the figure on the cross. He had been thinking how his men had cast lots for the coat and divided the garments among them — somehow it seemed to strike a note of prophecy. He can not quite remember where he heard it, but there was something one of the prophets had said about the coming of the Messiah and the action which had just taken place fitted in with it. Christ was speaking again and he must listen.

"Woman behold thy son — Behold thy mother."

These words could force a tear from his eyes, for did he not know the joy of leaving a mother in good hands? Had not he felt it when he parted from his own mother years ago, leaving a younger brother to care for her? He seems both mortal and divine. He is a mortal crucified, yet while hanging from the cross He speaks divine words. He is giving us His faith. He is a divine Person made man. His first words from the cross were certainly divine. He spoke of God as Father. 'Father forgive them.' God seemed to have been standing right with Him. I could feel His presence when I asked my own prayer of forgiveness. The next words could only have come from a divine knowledge, showing the path to come. The thief felt it and was comforted. "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." No one but the Son of God, or God Himself, could be so sure of that. Now these words, comforting and caring for His mother. This is the mortal in Him, but just for a moment I almost feel God's presence again.

It is strange how one moment I feel God's presence so strongly and the next moment it is gone. How long has it been since I first began to feel this power of the presence of God? I wonder if all believers experience this feeling of finding and losing God's presence. Maybe when I have developed my faith, my new found faith, I shall be able to hold tight to what I am finding. I know I am unworthy of God's love, but if He is the loving understanding Father I am beginning to have faith in, then He will know my needs and show me the way. I wonder if the mortal in this His Son is always keenly aware of the presence of God, or whether He loses it too at times. Prayerfully the answer comes from the cross.

"My God, My God, why has Thou forsaken Me?"

The human side of Christ is answering the centurion. It is normal to lose touch with God after finding Him. The centurion is thankful for the answer. He has cried out to show me this is a human feeling. He answers me from the cross once again.

Mary, having felt the loving arm of John around her shoulder has been thinking of the days gone by. She remembers that day so long ago when the Angel of the Lord appeared before her. She remembers how afraid she was and the Angel's words.

"Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God. Thou shalt conceive and bring forth a Son."

She recalls the various emotions she went through on the journey to the home of her cousin Elizabeth. Her pride that she had been chosen, her humility, her doubt and her gratitude to God. She remembers how, upon entering her cousin's house, Elizabeth's unborn babe had leapt with joy in recognition of the great truth which had befallen her, the divine child. She remembers the adoring look on her cousin's face as she was filled with the Holy Ghost and then her words, "Truly thou art blessed among women." She recalls the great feeling of her union with God and His presence in her when she answered, "My Soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." But though she remembers these things, she feels a great void. It is as though her soul were numb. Where is the God her soul magnified so long ago? Why can not she feel His presence now when she needs Him so? How should she pray? Even the will to pray is gone. Then she remembers the disciples request, "Lord teach us to pray." Earnestly she repeats their words, "Lord, teach me to pray. What shall I say?" Softly the answer comes down to her from the cross.

"My God, My God, Why has Thou forsaken Me?"

Once again, gently and understandingly Christ meets her needs this Son who even now is offering His life that all men might be saved. "My God, My God, why has Thou forsaken me?" She repeats the words "Enter again into my soul and give me Thy peace and strength." And the words, "Lo, I am with you always," come to her mind. Her soul once more finds communion with God. The numbness disappears and peace returns.

The priests are still discussing the many promises made by this man who calls Himself the Son of God. How many seem to be fulfilled? They have been saying over and over that His last words, turning His mother over to John's care, have denied His statement about rising on the third day, and now He is crying in a loud voice —

"My God, My God, why has Thou forsaken Me?"

If He truly were the Son of God He would know that His Father would not forsake Him. Here again in pain of death He is denying what He has taught and lived for. These words must turn His friends and followers from Him. For how can they believe after this? Yes, we did well to crucify Him.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" falls with a dull thud on the ears of the unbeliever. He had tried to grasp at something elusive and had almost found it through love. But now how can he be sure when such words fall from the lips on the cross? If He the Son of God has been forsaken by His Father, how can I possibly find contact with Him? These thoughts are disturbing to me. Maybe I should leave now, but He holds me still. Let me stay a little longer.

It is a long time before the next words come, and they hold no special meaning to the unbeliever.

"I thirst."

It is quite natural to thirst in this hot weather, especially when one is suffering on a cross. I too am thirsty, the unbeliever thinks. He looks at the priests but they do not even stop in their conversation to

listen. "I thirst" holds no meaning to them either. It neither proves nor disproves anything which has happened. It is a strange feeling. He holds me and yet He does not. The nearer He comes to death the further He is getting from me. If only I had met Him sooner.

But to the mother there at His feet the words "I thirst" bring a flood of warmth. She recalls the time when he was a boy of twelve. They had started home from the Passover feast, and after a day's journey she had looked for Him among her friends and relatives, He was not there. She remembers the panic in her heart for the moment, now she and Joseph turned back to find Him in the Temple, and His response to her question. "Wist ye not that I was about my Father's business?" She remembers pondering this answer and questioning Him further. He had simply said, "I had a thirst to be about the work I came to do and only by filling my soul with discussion among the learned at the Temple could I quench my thirst. Now it is satisfied and I am ready to go with you."

This cry from the cross, "I thirst," means His soul once more will be satisfied. The thought of God's comfort brings her great inner peace. A small smile almost plays about her lips and shines from her eyes as she repeats to herself, "I thirst in my soul for my God."

Meanwhile the centurion is undergoing a new experience. God has entered his soul and shown him the depth of it. (This must be what Christ had meant when he said, "Unless a man be born again he can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven.") For I am going through a rebirth — the finding of my soul — and I thirst for more knowledge. The living water I think it is called. Yes, I thirst for the living water. Like an echo the words come back to him from the cross.

"I thirst."

He wonders for a moment whether he had heard them or had just been thinking out loud. But no, one of his men was filling a sponge with vinegar and offering it to Christ — the soldier does not understand — but I do. He has filled my soul with the love and desire of God and now God is lifting my soul up. I thirst and am being lifted with the living water. I am experiencing the height of the soul after finding the depth of it. It is wonderful. I wonder how much higher I can go? It is indeed far more gratifying to find the height of the soul than the depth of it. God is lifting me to His level and I look back on my life as God might see it — it is not a good life. It fills me with shame. I shall never be the same again. Thanks to God, and this His Son, who has asked that I be forgiven — that is my hope. If only I could stay at this level in communion with God, I could never do wrong again, for I am converted, fully converted — and he hears, as a benediction from the cross.

"It is finished."

Yes, it is finished, I am fully converted. Woe is me to have been the instrument in this crucifixion, but thank God I have found the light. A great pang of shame and humility passes through the centurion and he hangs his head.

A soldier watching thinks the heat and excitement have been too much for him. Oh soldier, if you only knew the truth. The centurion is

exhausted, not from heat but from redemption.

The mother is at the point of exhaustion too. How much longer must this go on? She can not stand much more. There is a limit to human endurance even with God's help and strength. How much longer?

"It is finished." Comes from the loving voice on the cross.

She glances up quickly. His pain has stopped for a moment and He hangs there at rest — it makes her weep again, but it is getting so dark that her tears run unnoticed. "It is finished," they are joyous words.

The unbeliever does not like the looks of the storm coming over the hill. What good is it to stay here? Surely if this man has not convinced me by now He never will. For if I cannot believe what I have seen and almost felt, how shall I ever believe the tales they tell, but which I have not seen? I wonder if there is anything further to stay for? It must be near the end and I had better go before the storm breaks. He hears the answer from the cross in a measured rhythm to match the darkening sky.

"It is finished."

It is finished — my hope of finding what I barely caught a glimpse of is finished. I will depart.

The priests are tired of standing around waiting, and have fallen into another discussion. The darkness of the sky has rather scared them, but they have lived through storms before — and they must wait until the end. What was it that Jesus had said about destroying the Temple and rebuilding it in three days? Off in the distance they can see the Temple standing straight and strong, with the long curtain hanging still in the gathering darkness, and here upon the cross, the man who could rebuild it in three days is also hanging still in the gathering darkness. Destroy the Temple indeed. Why it is good for many years to come — and He is almost gone. The words which come to them from the cross are strong and firm, like the curtains on the Temple.

"It is finished."

What is finished? Oh, King of the Jews, you are the one who is finished. It has been a long watch and we are thankful it is about over. What more can you say?

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

There is the end of this Son of God, this pretender. He is dead. We are well rid of Him. We will forbid His name to be mentioned and people will soon forget Him. He has gotten His just reward. Let us return to town.

Oh worthy priests, little do you suspect the truth. He will live forever. His name will spread throughout the world and His teachings will be the hope of all His followers. His death will redeem them.

The unbeliever hears the words as from a great distance, for he has started down the hill on his long trip back to town.

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

There is my doom sealed with those words. He has returned to His Father and I am unable to believe. I lacked the faith He spoke of. I

feel lost, but cannot help myself. I shall never be as near the truth as I was this day.

Go then, oh ye of little faith.

The words bring relief to the mother. "Father into Thy hands I commend My spirit." His whole life has been lived to this end. This last act of giving Himself in death. All the words and deeds she has kept in her heart all these years are beginning to fall into a pattern. But it is not yet complete.

No Mary, it is not complete. You will have your final answer on Sunday. The two days quickly spent and you will know that He has indeed arisen from the dead. You will see Him again before He ascends into Heaven. All these things are still to come. He has been submissive unto death. "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," but you shall see Him again.

The centurion's face reflects his thoughts. God had lifted his soul up and showed him what his life really was. Now His Son was giving His soul in death to God the Father so that all might be forgiven. The Father would raise the Son up from the dead. In his new faith, the centurion could almost understand this. All things are possible to God the Father who through this His Son has shown me a new way of life. "Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit," with those words He died. No need to break His legs to hasten death. A spear jabbed into his side by a soldier tells the truth — amazing, that even this was written long ago. If only all would believe. I must shout it out. Yes, I must tell the truth — "SURELY THIS WAS THE SON OF GOD." See my soldiers look at me, they think I am crazy — if they could only have experienced what I have just been through. Yes, surely this was the Son of God, and while I have crucified Him — He has died for me.

The storm bursts in full force. The curtains of the temple are rent in twain. The earth shakes — rocks split — graves open as the graveyard is turned upside down. God has spoken from the cross.

Oh great priests, what of your Temple now? See it split.

Oh unbeliever, can you still not believe when all the earth is torn with the fury of the great sacrifice just offered for all men?

Gentle mother, let John lead you away while the body of your Son is being prepared for burial.

Centurion, your last act as a centurion has been done — you are a saved man — forgiveness from the cross has been given you and you have seen the light of God. Truly you are most blessed for your part in this saving act of grace by our Lord Jesus Christ. As He had to die for us to be saved, someone had to be responsible for the work, and in so fulfilling the law of the prophets you have been given the right to lighten the gentiles. The truth of the world to come. Yes, centurion, you have been most blessed on this first Good Friday.

The cross answers all.

No matter what doubt. Even the unbeliever, in time to come, might remember how every thought he had was answered from the cross, and faith might begin to fill his heart and soul. Then in great need for the truth, he might still cry out to God and be saved.

For the cross answers all. ●

PENANCE



IN ORDER to appreciate the Sacrament of Penance, commonly called Confession, we must recapture the full significance of Baptism. For too long we have understated its meaning. We know that Baptism makes us members of Christ, that is, of His Body the Church. The Church in this world, however, is a hospital for sinners. True, but in a good hospital it is expected that the majority of patients will get well. It is not just a haven for terminal cases who can hope to escape from their ailments only through death.

Yet is not this latter function the most we expect from the Church on earth? There is sound pragmatic reason for anticipating nothing more. By Baptism we are cleansed from original sin. But as soon as we are old enough, we start to commit our own sins. And we go right on sinning with sickening regularity till we die. If we are asked what is the value of Baptism, must we not reply that it initiates a relationship with Christ in which we may hope, if we are faithful to our obligations, to begin to grow ever so slightly into His likeness? There will be many

BY BONNELL SPENCER, OHC

falls into sin, of course, long periods of stagnation, even retrogression, but we trust there will be a little progress and that in the end, after death, we shall be saved.

Is not this, in all honesty, an accurate picture of our life in Christ in this world? Would those whom the Church recognizes as saints remain any more? Do not the greatest of them, like St. Paul, call themselves the chiefest of sinners? Yes, all this is true; yet it is only part of the truth. For although the saints quite rightly recognize themselves as still sinning up to the end of their earthly lives, the character of the sins they commit changes as they grow in sanctity. No longer do they repudiate God's known will by deliberate acts of self-indulgence, self-pleasing, self-love. Their faults are sins of surprise, of weakness, of temperment, or of failure to respond as generously as they would like to God's infinite love. Because they so fully appreciate His love — His redemption of them at so great a cost; His patience and mercy so constantly renewed; His continued trust in them when they have proven so

unfaithful — their failures loom larger in their eyes than our grossest sins do to us; their penitence is so deeply felt that it seems to us almost exaggerated. While we must concede in theory that they like us are still sinners, yet the difference between their all but inescapable weaknesses and our deliberate acts of rebellion is so great as to be almost one of kind as well as degree.

The saints demonstrate that it is possible for those who are incorporated into Christ to rise, while still in this world, above the kind of sins which we are all too prone to consider unavoidable for us poor mortals, even though we have been baptized. We do not have to go on being open and rebellious sinners. But how have the saints been raised above these sins? By their own efforts to be faithful to Christ, to the duties and obligations of the Christian life? Not at all. Some who have made heroic efforts, and who thereby have apparently risen to great sanctity, have nevertheless fallen into devastating sin. Arius is a

prime example. He was a man of extreme asceticism and devotion, a brilliant preacher and a diligent pastor of souls. Yet all this culminated in his promulgating the ultimate heresy, the denial of the divinity of Christ. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' We can only conclude that all his apparent effort to follow Christ was based on pride and self-righteousness, and therefore he, like Judas before him, ended by betraying Christ, or like the Pharisees, by rejecting Him.

Sanctity is achieved by no human effort. St. Paul gives the only formula for it. 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof' (Rom. 13:14). Put on Christ, the Risen Christ, the only Christ there is. Christ who has conquered sin and death. Christ who in His life overcame all temptation, because He was, although 'in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin' (Heb. 4:15). Christ who in His death bore the full consequences of our sins, and answered them with obedient, forgiving, reconciling love. Christ who in His resurrection lifted our human nature above sin and death into the Presence of the all-holy Father.

By Baptism we are incorporated into Christ's triumphant, ascended, glorified human nature. We put on the Risen Christ. St. Paul is definite about this. 'Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into His death. Therefore we are buried with Him by Baptism into death' (Rom. 6:3-4). As administered in the primitive Church,

Baptism made this perfectly clear. First there was the catechumenate, a long period of intensive training. When the time came for his admission, the candidate renounced the devil and all his works, was stript of the clothes of his former life, entered the baptismal water and was immersed three times. He died to sin and was buried with Christ — 'knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin' (Rom. 6:6). In Christ we pass beyond sin, 'that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection' (Rom. 6:4-5). Therefore as the Christian emerged from the water of Baptism, reborn in Christ, as naked as when he first came forth from his mother's womb, he was clothed in the white robe of the risen life.

'Henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead is freed from sin' (Rom. 6:6-7). This is St. Paul's answer to the question he has previously raised, 'Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?' (Rom. 6:1-2). The Christian by Baptism into the Risen Christ has passed beyond sin. Insofar as he remains faithful to his Christian rebirthright he will not sin. Clearly St. Paul did not consider Baptism as inaugurating

us into a life of selfishness and sin in Christ a long slow process by which little by little we are raised to newness of life. For St. Paul Baptism incorporates at once into the Risen Christ that we may live thenceforth in His triumphant power.

What then happens when a Christian sins? He resists and rejects Christ's reign in his soul. This is possible because in coming to us Christ respects our free will. He exercises His sovereignty in us only insofar as we will Him to do so. We must make the surrender of faith, which is not merely an intellectual or emotional assent, but an act of will, 'Thy will be done.' The Holy Spirit, who takes up His abode in us at Baptism, gives us the power to make this surrender. 'It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure' (Phil. 2:13). When we sin we reject this power, we choose in some instance to serve ourselves instead of Christ. Thus we exclude Him from that area of our personality; we close and lock a door against Him.

He stands at the door and knocks; but He will not force entry. We must unlock and open the door. The key is penitence, a renewed surrender of the self-appropriated area to Christ. Once again this must be more than a mere intellectual recognition and regret that we have acted selfishly, a clever self-analysis. It must be more than an emotional upheaval, a feeling of shame, which is likely to be mere hurt pride and

self-pity at finding ourselves less respectable than we want to think we are. Penitence is an act of will; it involves doing something definite in terms of an honest acceptance of the fact of our sin, a genuine return to Christ, and a renewed surrender of obedience to His will.

In the early Church this took two forms. For certain grave sins, like apostasy, which involved a total rejection of Christ's sovereignty, the sinner was excluded from the Fellowship. If he subsequently repented, he could be readmitted only after a long arduous penance, far more rigorous than his initial catechumenate. When this had been duly performed, he was not rebaptized, since that Sacrament could not be repeated; but he was publicly absolved and reinstated by the bishop. Here without question were definite acts of penitence and an objective reconciliation by Christ through His Church.

For lesser sins it seems to have been enough for the penitent to return to the Risen Christ in the Eucharistic Fellowship, surrendering himself once more in the Offertory and receiving his reconciliation through the Communion. But in the early Church this was sufficient for two reasons. First, Baptism then, as we have seen, brought to its recipient a vivid sense of having died to self and been reborn in Christ. Our Lord's possession of and rule in the soul was an experienced reality far greater than it is for most of us today. Second, and more import-

ant, the presence of the Risen Christ in the redeemed Fellowship, and His triumphant oblation of the Church to the Father were so immediately manifest in the Eucharist that to participate in that worship was an objective experience of reincorporation.

When the primitive sense of living in Christ became less vivid, the Church was guided by the Holy Spirit to develop the Sacrament of Penance to meet the new need. No longer is it restricted to the gravest sins; no longer does it require public confession, penance and absolution. We can go privately to the priest, confessing all our sins, great and small. He assigns a simple penance and Christ through him absolves and restores us. Thus the Sacrament is readily available to us for regular use. Yet it has all the necessary ingredients of an objective act of reconciliation. We open the doors our sins have shut by an honest self-appraisal and painful self-accusation. It is never easy to confess our sins. The Risen Christ comes in all His triumphant power to take possession once more of our souls. And we start our new life in Him with an act of obedience by duly performing our penance.

But cannot we, like the early Christians, do this at the Eucharist? In theory, no doubt, yes; in practice, alas, no. For the Eucharist today is rarely an experience of the redeemed Fellowship fully possessed by the Risen Christ and lifted in Him to the Father's throne. Nor is the reason far to seek. By

trying to make the Eucharist a substitute for Penance, we have turned it into a penitential exercise culminating in the Comfortable Words. Those who come in penitence do find assurance and the grace to keep up the struggle. But the glory has departed out of Israel. The Holy Spirit knows our need; to meet it He has developed the Sacrament of Penance. By it we can surrender the sin-closed portions of our souls and let in the Risen Christ with His victorious might. When this Sacrament has been restored to use among us, not before each Communion, of course, but at regular intervals, then we may hope once more to experience in the Eucharist what Christ intends, the joyous worship of the Father by the redeemed in their Redeemer.

The recovery of Penance as our great means of renewal in Christ is a pressing need. We have been grossly understating its significance. Just as we tend to view Baptism as merely establishing a life-line to Christ, by which we hope at death, in spite of our continuous floundering in selfishness and sin, He will be able to draw us to salvation; so Penance is considered no more than an assurance that the life-line is still intact. And as we expect from Baptism no more than a small beginning of grace to start us on a long journey towards Christ; so we think Penance gives but an additional modicum of grace to keep us staggering on. Now there are two basic fallacies in these concepts.

First, we do not, we cannot receive Christ by installments. Christ does not come in small doses. Christ is a Person. He comes and must be received in the fulness of His triumphant majesty, or not at all. Is there then no spiritual progress? There most certainly is. It is not achieved, however, by receiving increased amounts of Christ, but by letting the one all-conquering Christ penetrate ever more deeply into our souls. Our part is not to assimilate larger portions of Christ, but to surrender larger areas of ourselves to His possession by willing His will in them.

Second, we do not grow in Christ by our efforts, aided by grace. That concept is semi-pelagian. It bases salvation ultimately on our works, not on our surrender of faith. It is living under the law, not the gospel. In a real sense, we do not grow in Christ at all. Christ grows in us, as we learn to die to selfishness and sin that His new life, which is born in us by Baptism and renewed after sin by Penance, may flourish in us, until at last we can exclaim with St. Paul, 'I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me' and gave Himself for me' (Gal. 2:20).

The Anglican Communion is notoriously deficient in sanctity. It will remain so until we are convinced that we have by Baptism been reborn into the Risen Christ in all His victorious power. But

faced with the fact of post-baptismal sin, we shall dare to assert that glorious truth only if we recognize in Penance the means by which we can surrender again and again to Christ, that He may repossess us. For if we believe we once received the fulness of Christ in Baptism and have by sin driven Him out of our souls, the only alternative to Penance is despair. So we console ourselves by the assurance that we received only a little of Christ in the first place, and are reconciled to our present half-dead state. We do not expect to be saints, but 'Christian' sinners who hope in the end to be saved.

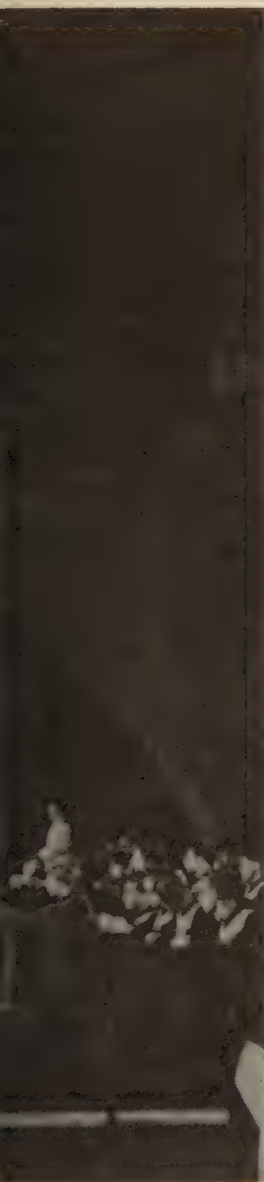
It need not be so. We were reborn in Christ by Baptism. We can go to Him regularly in Penance to be revived in Him. It will be a slow painful process. Our habits of resistance to Christ are strong. We shall have to reopen again and again the doors we lock by our sins — the same old sins, the same old doors. But the Risen Christ has redeemed us, has made us His own. He can and will take possession as far as we permit. We have only to surrender in faith — faithfully and gratefully using all the means He has provided for the penetration of our souls — Penance and the Eucharist, prayer and self-discipline, the opportunities for service and sacrifice. Then He can raise us to newness of life, so that here and now we can 'seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God' (Col. 3:1). ●

SOCIETY of the



SACRED MISSION

By Ralph Martin, S. S. M.



FOR a member of S.S.M. at Kelham, the day often contains the widest range of experience. He will find himself in chapel often, like any Religious, but he will also probably find himself doing such varied tasks as cleaning the ashes out of 'Moloch' (the House boiler!) teaching a Greek class, playing football with and against the students he has left in the classroom an hour or so before, marking notebooks, writing sermons, having an interview with a student, and hearing a confession; finishing it all with Compline. All this — and more — can and does happen to a man in a single day, and it is perhaps the range of activity in itself that gives life at Kelham its own peculiar stamp.

The Society of the Sacred Mission began in the year 1890 as a particular answer to a particular need of the Church at that time. Bishop Corfe had been consecrated in London as Bishop for Korea, but during the first six months of his episcopate he had managed to muster only one deacon and six lay workers for his missionary diocese. It is at this point that Father Kelly appeared on the scene. He undertook to train the lay workers, and any others who might come forward, for the mission field of Korea. Fr. Kelly's ambition was to 'tap' the vast resources of the 'lower'

classes for man power; he wanted to find all the young men who might be willing to give their lives to God but who were being prevented from doing so by lack of funds to cope with a university course. He believed that there were multitudes of young men up and down England who would be willing to sacrifice their own plans for the future in order to give their lives wholly to God, if once the idea were put clearly before them and the twin obstacles of a lack of money and inadequate early education were removed. His idea was that, if these men were bound together in a single unit, working towards a single end, then they could do much for the glory of God and the good of His Church; certainly they could do far more that way than any of them could do as individuals.

Many of the men who came in those early days did decide to stay with the Society, and it was from these beginnings that the S.S.M. grew. Thus Fr. Kelly was not so much concerned with reviving the Religious Life for its own sake, as with serving the Church in his day in the best and most efficient way possible. He

thought that the Society should be a body of men completely at the disposal of the Church, ready and able for any task, in any place at any time. This was the sort of measuring stick he applied to the candidates who turned up on his doorstep in London; he demanded first of all self-forgetfulness, then work. So it is today that a member of this Society finds himself moving so swiftly from job to job. 'You have come to serve God and not to please yourself,' say the Society's **Principles**, and what does 'to serve God' mean but to be at the disposal of a student who cannot understand first declension masculine Greek nouns, or of a boiler that needs regular cleaning and stoking? All of these tasks, no matter how secular they may seem, no matter how firmly embedded in the monotonous rut of daily life, are holy tasks since the whole world is God's and His glory fills the creation from top to bottom. When a brother gives himself to any task, whether it is cooking meals, teaching mathematics, or conducting a retreat, he is glorifying God, for he is, in fact, turning his whole being to God through the ready concen-





tration of his powers upon an end not his own.

This perhaps explains the place that lay-brothers have traditionally held with us. They are considered an essential part of the family. The Society's offering to God would be completely altered and its wholeness destroyed without the contribution that they make. They lecture, cook, run the carpentry shop, the garden, the printing office, the office, and sometimes give help in parish work. Naturally enough there is no distinction in choir or in chapters between priests and lay-brothers, and although this has not happened yet, a lay-brother could be elected the Society's Director.

At Kelham itself our main work is the Theological College where we have about 110 students in training for the priesthood. Although we commonly refer to it as a college, that term perhaps needs some explanation. It is not that a college is staffed by members of the Society, but rather that we take students in to live with us, to share in the common worship and discipline of our life. For this reason there are few of the usual student organizations, and no dances! The students are not a group within a group but a part of the whole House; there is only one common room, one refectory, and one chapel. Some of the students do want to try their vocation to the Society while they are with us; these become novices during their theological course. If they decide to leave the novici-

ate they simply revert to their student status.

This absorbing of a large and fluctuating body of men into the life of the community means making many sacrifices, both on their part as students and on ours as Religious, but we believe that in this way men are enabled to receive a particular training for the priesthood and that this will always be of value to the Church. Here, we hope, they will learn something of the meaning of sacrifice through living, for a period, within the context of the Religious Life; we hope that they will learn something of the value of hard work, and team work, through the many jobs, both manual and academic, which will be given to them during the five years that they are with us. We train men for the priesthood not simply by means of the classroom, important as that is, but also in the chapel, and during manual work periods. This emphasis on training and educational work is closely tied up with the first aim of the Society which its Constitution lays down as 'to increase the number of those who give their lives to the divine service, especially by training those of whom at present use cannot be or is not being made, whether through their lack of means or of education, or through other causes; and to deepen the wholeness of sacrifice in them, where the vocation exists, by building them into the organization of the Religious Life.'

The Society, like Caesar's

Gaul, is divided into three parts: the English, the South African, and the Australian Provinces. The English Province consists of Kelham and the parish of St. George, in the heart of the city of Nottingham. Besides this the brethren of the English Province do a good deal of retreat and mission work up and down the country. Our work in South Africa is largely of a missionary nature in three priories in the Diocese of Bloemfontein: Modderpoort, Bloemfontein, Welkom; and two in Basutoland: Teyateyaneng and Chooko's. The 'parishes' these priories serve are enormous. Two of the priories are situated on the edge of native locations, and in addition to parochial work the brethren are very much involved in educational work either in our own schools or in the local village schools. Quite apart from the immensity of the missionary and educational task, there is the enormous unhappy strain that is laid upon each of the brethren, as it is upon every thinking person in South Africa today, caught up as they are in the bitter conflict of race relationships that divides that country. Their worship and service arise very much from amidst the divine warfare.

The Australian Province is the youngest of all. It goes back to 1947 when the Society was invited by most of the Australian episcopate to establish the Religious Life for men in the Australian Church and to found a college, on the same lines as Kelham, at Adelaide. Since then the work has

grown steadily. The chief interest lies in the working out, in a strange country, among new people, of the principles and ideas that have been fashioned during some fifty years at Kelham. This year we opened our second Au-

bind the day to God and subject each part to His will. It is the sacrificial love of God which our community life sets forth, binding into a single family men of different races, temperaments, and backgrounds: carpenters and pro-



stralian priory at Perth.

As with any Religious Community of men or of women the most important service that the S.M. does for the Church is simply to be, to act as a living witness to certain great and easily avoided truths about God and our relationship with him. It is His kingship over the whole of life which we acknowledge and worship as we go to the chapel for the daily round of services. Matins, Prime, Mass, Terce, Sext, None, Evensong, and Compline

fessors, Japanese and Englishmen, the efficient with the inefficient. Our unity is in the Holy Spirit and not in natural mutual interests. Through the obedience which we promise and by which a man must dig gardens, go to Africa, or sweep stairs when he is told to do so, through this we offer to every man the opportunity to lose his life, to be crucified, to enter the perfect freedom of the service of God. 'By this you were created — the will of God, and to this end — the praise of his glory. ●

HIGHER EDUCATION IN THE U.S.A.

By Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C.R.

MY ONLY qualifications for even having a view on this topic, let alone blurting it out in public like this, are (a) that I have long taken an interest in contemporary American writing, especially novels and poetry; and (b) that I did teach for one semester (only four months) in a Liberal Arts College in the Middle West in 1957. I was visiting 'Hill' professor at Gustavus Adolphus College, Minnesota (Swedish Lutheran), and offered courses in the department of the humanities. I also paid brief visits to four other Colleges in the state which came under the same foundation, and was able to meet and confer with quite a number of members of their faculties. I realise that these are very meager qualifications for making generalisations of any sort about Higher Education in the States: the time there was short, and the Colleges with which I was connected may not have been typical. Indeed, perhaps the first thing the more or less ignorant 'foreigner' learns in getting to the United States is that it is a very big country, and therefore as hard to generalise about as any big country anywhere. So I realise that pretty well anything I say could be contradicted, and an impressive array of evidence produced in doing so. However, that will not stop me.

Let me start by saying that one could not be aware that with you Higher Education (it seems right

to spell it with capitals somehow) is taken seriously, if only by those who leave a lot of money to see that it is given. Maybe I was made more than usually aware of that by the fact that the foundation that brought me there was so generous that, whereas many of the faculty in the College I was teaching in were complaining about their very medium-grade salaries, I (the only one among them who had taken a Vow of Poverty) was earning a salary well beyond most professors in England! Buildings too, libraries, research grants and all the rest, were impressive for their far-sightedness. There certainly is no excuse for those who want to study not to do so.

Do they want to? Well, that brings me straight to the question of standards. And I may as well repeat the usual litany of visiting educationists: the standard in High School and Undergraduate College work is, on the whole, well below that in Great Britain (but not, I would guess, below that in the Universities of South Africa, with which I have had some contact during the past six or seven years.) I am not only thinking of those who are in college largely to keep up the gate-money at the football games and get a BA in physical education. We used to have them in our English universities — my own College at Oxford offered a scholarship which was given to candidates selected on a 'character' basis, which us-

ally meant candidates who would play in the College (and perhaps University) cricket or rugby team, or row in its boat. They too would walk off at the end of three years with a 'pass degree,' though even with that they probably knew more than their American equivalents. But I am, I say, not only thinking of these more evident extroverts. I am thinking of a general standard.

In what way is it lower? I would say: (1) There is probably a greater dependence, both in High School and in College, upon the teacher with 'personality,' the teacher or professor who can get across. (2) So there are fewer books read, and (3) more knowledge is gained from the Digest, the 'Selected Passages' kind of book, than from the originals. (4) The number of subjects covered is wider than in Great Britain, and inevitably the acquaintance with those subjects is much more superficial. This goes for the High School too: I was surprised to find Sociology taught in High School. In Great Britain this would be a definitely 'late' subject, coming (that is) later on in education. The dull grind of learning basic principles, languages, etc., seems to be left till later in the USA, and the more interesting, more 'breezy' subjects to come earlier.

Another clause in the litany repeated by visiting educationists, which I must mutter in my turn, is about the tyranny of Grades. I suppose all students, if they are not all serious and unless they be-

long to that small minority that is good and knows it and so does not need to worry, are pursued by the demon of anxiety. But I fancy that in the United Kingdom we perhaps space that anxiety out better. That is, in Oxford and Cambridge though the student has his weekly essay (as a rule) which keeps him from piling everything up to the last year of his university life, between his first exam (usually early) and his last there are over two years when the demon keeps a long way off. No doubt that means he is saving up to have a good thorough haunting of the student during his last two terms before his finals. But at least the student is not dogged by him all the time. I got the impression, which has been confirmed by other observers, that the American student is more continuously worried. I do not know what the solution is: maybe, in such a big system as the American educational system you have to have some tidy, ready-reckoned method of testing; and Grades provide that. But they do not always seem to be the best thing, either educationally or psychologically, for the students.

And their tyranny carries with it something else; the thirst for the ready-made judgment. "Say, prof., give me a slant on Ezra Pound." (Note-book and ball-point pen in hand.) A friend of mine was doing some tutoring in philosophy at Oxford, and had an American student assigned to him: the student came to my friend one Saturday morning, and said, "Say, do you

think I can get the guts of Hegel in a week-end?" He was downcast when my friend assured him that he could not. The guts of Hegel could, of course, only be a few epigrams by someone else about Hegel. I do not pretend that there is not plenty of this in Great Britain too, indeed anywhere where a young man or woman is trying to get abreast of thirty or forty centuries of civilization in three to four years; but maybe we are a bit less content with it.

And the significance of this could (if these judgments are not totally unfair) be rather serious. It is claimed, and with reason, that, though American education is perhaps more superficial, at least it is wider in its actual incidence upon the population than anywhere else in the world. (It was put to me, and maybe the phrase is a cliché by now, that 'the United States has more High School trained trash collectors than any other country in the world'.) This is a fine ideal. But it can also be a lethal one. A learned Englishman (now deceased) whom I used to know was eloquent in his attacks on universal education: 'Illiteracy is much better,' he used to say with great sweeps of the arm; 'don't educate the peasant. You can only half-educate him anyway; and a little knowledge is the most dangerous thing in the world. Teach him how to read and write and what'll happen? He'll want to vote; and he'll vote for the best charlatan in the political arena — and the country will be saddled with knaves and

fools to govern them'. And so he went on. I am not quoting him to agree with him. But I always think of him when I read about Senator McCarthy. It has been said that the Senator's most fervent and most gullable followers were not among the lowest-educated ranks but among the middle-class semi-educated. They knew enough to follow an argument, not to see through it.

What is the answer? Obviously not to stop widespread education. Ultimately the answer will have to be given even more, though I know you are facing a big problem (in staff and buildings) even to keep pace with normal development that goes with population growth. In the meantime perhaps there should be more stress on logic as a subject for basic education: something, anyway, which will help to develop the faculty of awareness, of criticism, of independent judgement. One thing, at least, that the old authoritarian religions used to do was this: they provided the uneducated with standards of judgment which, although they were imposed from without and not learned from within the individual, at least put the great questions to man — what is the worth of this . . . or that . . . when measured by the Infinity of God? We have pretty well lost that now — perhaps for good (And I mean, not only for good and all, but also for our own good: we have to be adult these days because there are no nursery rhymes left.) But I do not, alas, find that the 'revival of religion'

in America is having this effect: it may be filling men's personal and psychic needs, but it is not often making them more sensitive to truth, more self-critical and humble. It may be re-integrating man's lost gregariousness (lost in the pursuit of personality, in the stress on the value of the individual, lost in 'the lonely crowd'); but I wonder whether it is also providing the methods and the motives for criticising that gregariousness, for assessing the urge to 'conformism' — whether it is all the time saying that 'Judgment must begin at the House of God'?

This question was put in a somewhat different way by Hannah Arendt in an article in *Partisan Review* (I think it was) a couple of years ago. She was discussing the American educational system, and while paying tribute to its superb techniques she wondered whether it was not sometimes *All Dressed Up With Nowhere to Go*. This is, she asked whether the confidence in educational psychology, in teaching methods and so on, was matched by a clear enough conception of what ought in fact to be taught? I myself had wondered, looking at the parochial systems in the Episcopal Church, such as I was able to observe them, whether the time, care and money spent on the actual organization was backed by as profound a grasp of the faith to be purveyed through that organisation. And so I find myself asking whether the end is not sometimes, both in education and religion, smothered by the means? Whether there are men and women who are genuinely

being opened to the searching questions?

And the answer to my question is one which I also get from my brief sojourn: Yes, indeed, sometimes. For I must at once qualify every single one of the litanies of criticism which I have been joining in, by saying that up and down in the Universities I visited I have met some of the most aware, the most sensitive, the most self-critical, mature and wise people I have met on this turning globe. In Graduate Colleges, above all, and the products of them these people exist and learn and teach. Their adult attitudes are based on a careful and personal acquaintance with the texts that hold most of man's best wisdom they have, that is, exact scholarship without pedantry; and a light touch without frivolity. This has not always been an easy achievement. With some of them severe problems of self-discipline or personal relations have been clearly involved; in most of them who have come through securely, it is their faith, and their belonging to a community of faith, that has helped them most. But they are an achievement of humanity. As the great Jesuit scientist-philosopher, the late Pere Teilhard de Chardin, would have said of them, they mark a stage in the process of 'hominisation.' If American Higher Education has produced nothing else but this, that would still be its ample justification. ●

In the next issue we plan to publish comments on this article by an American university professor. Ed.



BISHOP ZULU

BY G. C. S.

MDHLADHLA

THE YOUNGEST and only son of his parents and preceded by three sisters, Alphaeus Hamilton Zulu was born on the 29th of June, 1905, at Magogo, one of the oldest outstations of the famous S. Augustine's Mission District in the Diocese

of Zululand. His parents, the late Johannes and Miriam Zulu, became Christians in adult age and remained faithful to the end of their lives. His father was a member of the Zulu Royal family, sharing one ancestor with the famous Zulu Kings who were architects of the Zulu nation, namely, Senzangakhona, Shaka, (the Napoleon of South Africa) Dingane, Mpande, Cetshwayo, etc. He belonged to one of the Zulu regiments which had a fine military record, the Uve, who in the flower of their age took a very active and decisive part in the famous battle of Isandhlwana in which the Zulu army annihilated the British regiment there in the Zulu War of 1879. Both his parents lived to a good old age: his father died in 1925 at the age of 70 years, and his mother in 1946 at the age of 85 years. At that time her son was a priest. His mother, Miriam, was a great thinker, and was well-known to the writer. It was she and her eldest daughter who were largely responsible for Alphaeus's upbringing and education.

Alphaeus obtained his primary education in the Zululand Church schools and his "intermediate" education (as Standards V & VI were then known) in Newcastle, Natal. He then went to S. Chad's Diocesan Training College where he qualified as a teacher in 1923, obtaining the First Grade Teacher's Certificate, which was the highest certificate at that time.

In 1924 he was appointed Head Teacher of the Umlazi Primary School and during the next eleven years of his capable management the school grew both in numbers and in status. During his time at Umlazi Mission he studied privately for the University Junior Certificate and Matriculation Certificate Examinations, which qualified him for admission into Fort Hare University College in 1936. His scholastic career at Fort Hare was a brilliant one. When he completed his B.A. degree course, he

obtained a distinction in Social Anthropology and set up a record which has never been beaten.

In recognition of this distinction the University of South Africa offered him a scholarship so that he could return to Fort Hare to study for the M.A. degree, but he declined to accept this offer because, apart from the fact that his acceptance of it would have interrupted his theological studies at S. Peter's College, Rosettenville, there was much poverty in his family and this was causing his wife much anxiety. He has a family of six daughters and one son. At that time the children were very young, and four of them were attending school. Again while he was at the Theological College, the South African Students Christian Association asked him to represent South Africa at a national conference at Antwerp in Europe, and once again he was obliged to turn this down for the same reason. At the end of his second year at S. Peter's College he obtained the L.Th. Diploma of the Faculty of Divinity of the Church of the Province of South Africa.

He was admitted to the Diaconate in 1940 and ordained priest two years later. Since that time he has served in the S. Faith's Mission, Durban, first as Assistant Curate, then as Priest-in-Charge and as Director of Missions in Durban and the North Coast of Natal. He is one of the first three non-European priests to be made honorary Canons of S. Saviour's Cathedral in the Diocese of Natal. Last year he was given a Fellowship by the ecumenical council and went to study at its institute in Switzerland. At the end of his study he has traveled in Europe and America doing deputation work for the Church.

A fearless but moderate speaker on any subject of national importance, Canon Zulu possesses many other gifts both as a

man and as a parish priest. His administrative ability has literally transformed S. Faith's Mission, Durban, into a self-supporting Mission District — a rare achievement indeed in African Mission work in this part of the world. On five occasions he has been nominated as a candidate for the post of Diocesan Bishop in three Dioceses of the Church of the Province of South Africa. To those of us who know the man, Canon Zulu's appointment as Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of S. John's has not come as a surprise, but as something (if one may reverently say so) which was long overdue.

As far as the writer is aware no public comment has come from Government sources in connection with Canon Zulu's elevation to the Episcopacy, but a curious thing happened several weeks before his appointment was announced in the press: a member of Parliament asked a question regarding a circular letter which he said he had received from a minister of a certain church the name of which was not disclosed, purporting to have been issued by a Government Department stating that while it was in accordance with Government policy that the Bantu should serve their own people in their own areas, the Government felt that the Churches should exercise some caution in cases where the elevation of an African to a senior post would place him over European ministers or the European staff in a Mission Hospital. The Minister concerned denied all knowledge of such a circular having been issued by his Department. Be that as it may, the significance of Canon Zulu's appointment as Bishop in the Church of God is that the Church has demonstrated to the world that in the Catholic Church there is no racial discrimination.

Bishop Zulu was consecrated on November 27th in the Cathedral Church of St. George, Capetown. ●



MIDDAY MEDITATIONS

● DO NOT FIGHT CHANGE

Changes and war are
against me. Job 10:17


● Midday's adjuration to go along with life, especially when life is not going the way we prefer, can be obeyed if we have learned to come to terms with change, and to make of the changes that come our allies and our friends.

It is vitally important to work out some technique of handling the inevitable changes that occur in life, not just in order to spend happily the time today between dawn and dark, but because of what inability to cope successfully with change does to many people. Some undergo complete nervous disintegration in the face of life's insistent and repeated demands for adjustment to new conditions brought about by sudden changes. Others, subjected to a barrage of unexpected and cataclysmic changes, succumb to a form of spiritual vertigo and cry out in futility and despair, 'Whirl is king.' In all truth, unless we

succeed in mastering the skill of dealing effectively with change, change is liable to manage ill in handling us.

If sudden and radical changes occur in your life today, remember first that change is often good for us, though like medicine we may not relish it. Changes stir us up, prod us out of ruts, stimulate fresh thought, tax ingenuity, jolt us into new activity. But this is exactly what we do not want and are prone to resist.

Remember second that the kind of peace Jesus promised and bestowed upon His disciples is precisely what we need to deal effectively with change. The peace He promised and gave was not the uneventful tranquility of an unchanging life. It was rather an inner stability which carries a man through all sorts of changes undismayed, unconquered and unbowed.



BY **FREDERICK WARD YATES**

A final thought. No one can adequately deal with change unless he has his eyes fastened on the unchanging. To have one's eyes firmly fixed on that which in the midst of whirl and flux changes not, namely, Eternal God, is the key to dealing with change with equanimity and poise, with competence and success.

Not So In Haste, My Heart

He that believeth shall not make haste. — Isaiah 28:16.

Now, at noontime, is the ideal time to rein ourselves in and to ascertain if we are succumbing to the national habit of living in a hurry. 'Not so in haste, my heart!' is midday's warning and we must heed it, or the chances are slight indeed that we shall live well the time between dawn and dark to-day.

'There is more to life than increasing its speed,' Ghandi once

remarked. But most of us, judging by the tempo at which we live, do not believe it. The more we can jam into a day, the more successful a day we normally count it. So we live — or exist, more accurately — and always going at high speed and under fearful pressure, burn out and die the sooner.

Even the churches are not exempt from the blight of hurry and haste. Services of worship must be B, B and B — bright, brief and breezy. Small wonder prayer is a lost art among us, meditation a lost discipline, and worship for most empty of all reality.

Our habit of always being in a hurry accounts in large measure for our spiritual impoverishment. We seem to believe there is some special merit in racing through our days under forced draft, forgetting what St. Vincent de Paul teaches us, that 'he who is in a hurry delays the things of God.' We keep on living at such a pitch that we miss a host of good things every day, and do not appreciate our blessings when they come our way. The Psalmist held that 'it is good for a man quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord,' but we do not have time to wait for anything. We are in a hurry even where spiritual things are involved, forgetting Richard Meux Benson's words: 'There is nothing divine about hurry, no hurry in anything divine.' The words we should lay to heart are these of St. Francois de Sales: 'When you begin to walk more slowly, talk more slowly, and eat more slowly,

then perhaps we can begin to do something about your spiritual life.'

This same vicious habit accounts too for the decline of manners in our land. 'Manners require time,' wrote Emerson in one of his essays, 'and nothing is more vulgar than haste.' Living as we do, we just do not have time for the little politenesses and considerations, the delicate courtesies and Christlike amenities, which render life pleasanter, happier and more gracious for all. Our habit of being always in a hurry makes one wonder, frankly, just how civilized we are. 'No man who is in a hurry is quite civilized,' wrote Will Durant, a popular philosopher.

Lest by our haste and hurry we spoil today's hours between dawn and dark, pause now, at noon-time, and ponder a line from the prophet Isaiah: 'He that believeth shall not make haste.'

Now Is the Time

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. — II Corinthians 6:2.

Now, between dawn and dark today, is the time to do whatever it is we are always promising ourselves to do.

Now is the time to seek God. 'The right time for seeking God is always now,' St. Bernard of Clairvaux tells us. 'Do you expect to find some future time in which to seek God and do good, other than this present day of mercy?'

Now is the time for repentance. 'God has promised forgiveness to

your repentance,' St. Augustine assures us, and then he adds, 'but He has not promised tomorrow to your procrastination.'

Now is the time to advance in holiness. 'Do not let your growth in holiness depend upon surrounding circumstances,' we are advised by H. L. Sydney Lear, 'but rather constrain those circumstances to minister to your growth. Beware of looking onward, or out of the present in any way, for the sanctification of your life. The only thing you can really control is the present — the actual moment that is passing by. Sanctify that from hour to hour, and you sanctify your whole life.'

Now is the time to cease wasting time. 'Alas, how much of my life is lavished away!' moaned Thomas Fuller; and Thomas Wilson's reminder is a stern one: 'We are accountable to God for our time as for His other favors; and to squander it is a sin.'

Now is the time to live, for generally while we talk about living, we are losing life. Without realizing any of our desires, we always act as if we were going to live, and never do. Now is the time to begin to make our dreams come true.

Now is the time, today between dawn and dark, to start on those things we have long planned and are always promising ourselves one day to accomplish. Now is the time to quit reserving ourselves for a tomorrow which may never come. 'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' ●

TEILHARD: SYNTHESIS and HOPE

By Sr. Mary Hilary, C.S.M.

WHEN historians turn to appraise the twentieth century, they may note that it was men of science who first attempted to bridge the chasm between sacred and secular. Even the querulous demand of Sir Julian Huxley for "religion without revelation" (as likely as knowledge without fact) conveys his deep concern for the schism. When he rails at churchmen for distrusting Truth and the power of the Holy Spirit, he is at least attempting to speak in their idiom, an attempt which should have elicited something more than the polite silence in the church press which greeted publication of his book.

Now we see Holy Church going forth to meet her prodigal scientists, in the works of Pere Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, Jesuit-geologist and prophet-priest. *The Divine Milieu** was written in 1927, the Society of Jesus withheld permission to publish and Pere Teilhard (Tay'-ard) declined to leave the Society as he was urged to do by distinguished colleagues. Upon Teilhard's death in 1955, a committee of luminaries, twelve renowned scientists and seven men of letters including Toynbee and Malraux, sponsored publication of his manuscripts. Thus, though never officially approved, Teilhard's works are hailed by Roman Catholic publications as important contributions to the intellectual renaissance in Catholic theology.

Harper & Brothers, New York, 1960

Described by the translators as the religious meditations to accompany *The Phenomenon of Man*, published in English in 1959, *The Divine Milieu* is much more than that—it is the spiritual confession of a scientist-mystic who may one day be regarded as the St. Augustine of our time. He translates traditional Christianity into adult terms and scientific idiom "for those who love the world . . . for the waverers both inside and outside the Church." Because he is in tune with his own times, he claims the ability to teach how God may be seen in everything that is "most hidden, most solid and most ultimate in the world." At this point one remembers a story told by relatives in which Teilhard with boyish intensity made a collection of the *hardest* things he could find, as if even then he would have nothing short of ultimates.

Is it the vaguely heretical-sounding idiom that made of Pere Garrigou-Lagrange his chief adversary and denied him the imprimatur? Or did Pere Teilhard's challenge to untried heights of mature sanctity frighten off a hierarchy long accustomed to a sweetly docile brand of Liguorian piety? One suspects that expediency rather than concern for sound doctrine was behind official disapproval. For, though at every point Pere Teilhard assumes the broad foundation of orthodox doctrine, he also assumes the founda-

tions of empirical science. He offers a synthesis, a bridge between the City of God and the City of Man. He suggests that Christian asceticism has emphasized a half-truth in insisting that seekers after perfection must "hate the world." The *Divinisation* of all creation in Christ, he says, calls for activity, development and life to accompany classical asceticism's passivity, diminishment and death. Too long have Christians torn between God and the world become "distorted, disgusted or divided." Far better choose a fourth way which would nourish both the love of God and a healthy love of the world: to let Creation and the Incarnation enable us to perceive how our labour, intellectual, spiritual and physical, builds the Kingdom of Heaven.

"Right from the hands that knead the dough, to those that consecrate it, the great and universal Host should be prepared and handled in a spirit of *adoration*." And here Host is the world itself and the hands are those of professor and postman, beautician and bricklayer. In the British magazine, "Prism," Father Martin Jarrett-Kerr, C.R., tells how Pere Teilhard in remotest Asia would pray: "Since, Lord, once again . . . in the steppes of Asia, I have neither bread nor wine nor altar, I will raise myself above these symbols up to the pure majesty of Reality, and I, your priest, will offer You, upon the altar of the whole Earth, the labour and the suffering of the world."

He proposes a *mystique*, then, in which a world transformed in Christ, ablaze with Him, may be safely loved and served. This Pere Teilhard

desires, he prays, ". . . because I love irresistibly all that your continuous help enables me to bring each day to reality. A thought, a material improvement, a harmony, a particular expression of love, the enchanting complexity of a smile or a look, all the new beauties that appear for the first time, in me or around me, on the human face of the earth—I cherish them like children and cannot believe that they will die entirely in the flesh."

Again and again the reader is struck by the effortless way in which all of nature for Pere Teilhard is profoundly sacramental—and is not so for all men, though, they cannot articulate it? It is a bit of shock when he addresses Matter in prayer ". . . I surrender myself to your mighty layers . . . The virtue of Christ has passed into you . . . But what is this but a kind of extension of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament?

All this is but a prelude, however, to his final word "In Expectation of the Parousia." Though Pere Teilhard never faults traditional Christianity for its backward look, nor Reformation Christianity for its preoccupation with the present, he directs all his attention to the Second Coming of Christ, the consummation, and this calls forth his most flaming flights of prose.

"Jerusalem, lift up your head. Look at the immense crowds of those who build and those who seek. Across the world, men are toiling in laboratories, in studios, in deserts, in factories, in the vast social crucible. The ferment that is taking place by their instrumentality in art and

ience and thought is happening for our sake. Open, then, your arms and your heart, like Christ your Lord, and welcome the waters, the blood and the sap of humanity. Accept it, this sap — for, without its baptism, you will wither, without its life, like a flower out of water; and tend it, since, without your sun, it will disperse itself wildly in sterile roots. . .

"The temptations of too large a world, the seductions of too beautiful a world — where are these now?"

BOOK REVIEW

WHEN WE LOOK AROUND US. A little book about God and what He has done for us. By. H. B. Liebler. Illustrated by Gertrude van Allen. New York, Exposition Press, 1960. 86. Price \$2.50.

Fr. Liebler's excellent book on doctrine and the practices of the Church is simply written, but with a careful eye to orthodoxy. The truths of the faith are set out in easy style. The major portion of the book is concerned with how God acts for us through the Catholic Church today. One need be in doubt here about the way in which we can receive and use the almighty power made possible by Jesus Christ.

This book would be excellent for Church School programs, with the addition of worksheets and catechism questions, which should be easy to make up. It should also be useful to many parents who want to supply their children (and refresh them-

selves) with the answers to basic questions about the Church, the Sacraments, and our bounden duty to God and each other. —F.

acknowledgements:

♦ALICE E. WHEELER is a communicant of Christ Church, Riverdale, New York, and Chairman of the Bronx Convocation of the Women of the Church, Diocese of New York. ♦Fr. BONNELL SPENCER, OHC, is managing editor of HC magazine and the author of "They Saw the Lord" and "Ye are the Body." ♦THE REV. RALPH MARTIN, SSM, is a Canadian priest who was recently professed in the Society of the Sacred Mission, Kelham, England. We had the pleasure of having Fr. Martin as our guest at the Mother House for several days in January. ♦THE REV. MARTIN JARRETT-KERR, CR, is well known for his books, e.g. "African Pulse," "The Atone-ment in Our Time." The April issue of the magazine will feature an article on the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, England, of which Fr. Jarrett-Kerr is a member. ♦THE REV. G. C. S. MDHLADHLA is priest-in-charge of the Umlazi Mission, Diocese of Natal, South Africa. ♦THE REV. FREDERICK W. KATES is Rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, Maryland, and has contributed articles in the past. ♦THE SISTER MARY HILARY, is a member of the Community of Saint Mary stationed at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin. ♦S. FRANKLIN GOULD'S photographs have appeared many times in our magazine. The processional cross on page 87 was photographed by Mr. Gould in the monastery sacristy. ♦COVER DESIGN and other art work are by a member of O.H.C.



COMMUNITY NOTES

At the Holy Cross Mission, Bolahun. From left to right, front row, Alice Clarke RN (far left), Margaret Glidden, Sr. Mary Prisca CHN, Minita Finger (on floor), Sr. Mary Teresa CHN (Superior), Sr. Christian CHN, Sr. Felicity CHN, Sr. Marjory Jean CHN; Back row Ed Foy, Br. Lawrence COHC, The Father Prior OHC, Wm. Ladd, Fr. Dr. Smyth OHC, Eugene Battes, Richard Glidden, Fr. Bessom OHC, Father Gill OHC. Not shown Br. Philip COHC.

Epiphany to make his visitation to Mount Calvary, Santa Barbara. On his way out he called, among others, on Fr. George Metcalf in Stillwater, Minn. Fr. Metcalf has organized our radio set-up with Bolahun and is an ardent 'ham.'

One of the highlights at the Mother House in January was the Junior Profession of Fr. Connor Lynn on the 17th. A native of California, Fr. Lynn spent two years at our Mission in Liberia as a Companion.

Fr. Parsell, representing the Father Superior, attended a conference on the 'Total Ministry,' which was held under the auspices of the National Church at Procter Farm, one of the conference centers in the Diocese of Southern Ohio. While in the area he visited friends and associates of the Order. He was at St. Peter's, Gallipolis, Ohio, for January 22nd and at the Convent of the Transfiguration, Glendale, Ohio on the 23rd. Fr. Turkington conducted a School

Plains, N. Y., January 21-24.

Fr. Spencer conducted a mission at St. Paul's, San Antonio, Texas, the fourth week in January and ended the month in the midst of another at St. Thomas' Church, Dallas, Texas.

In line with his work as director of our Seminarist Associates, Fr. Terry visited the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., and the Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven, Conn., during the course of the month.

Br. John, in spite of the train strike and one of the most severe snow storms of the season, kept an appointment at East Haddam, Conn., on January 8th. He spoke to a large gathering of teen-agers on the meaning of Christian Vocation and visited the Church School of his host, Fr. Overton Sacksteder, at the Church of the Advent, Clinton, Conn.

ST. ANDREW'S

Our brethren at St. Andrew's wel-

mas vacation and undertook the following appointments during January and February: Fr. Baldwin preached Missions at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Augusta, Ga., and at St. Augustine's Chapel, N.Y.C. Fr. Gunn conducted a School of Prayer at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Flossmoor, Illinois, January 26-28.

BOLAHUN

At Bolahun several members of the staff are visiting Cuttington College for the vacation time and we are, in return, host to a number of the Cuttington staff at Bolahun. The new road has made this interchange possible.

We are happy to report that Mr. Gary Nicholson, our radio operator, has arrived safely at Bolahun. A severe storm delayed his ship, hence he was a bit behind schedule. We are again in touch with the mission by radio.

The Sister Superior (Sr. Mary Teresa) of the Convent of the Holy

*Janet de Cour, workmen, and sisters place
teakwood cross in the new Chapel of
Saint Helena, Newburgh.
The Cross was designed by Miss de Cour.*



for furlough. During her absence the Sr. Christian is in charge at the convent.

MOUNT CALVARY

The brethren at our western house were all ever so happy to welcome the Father Superior when he came for his first official visitation the last two weeks in January. All outside work was pushed aside during that fortnight, so that we might see him and he us.

During February the Father Prior held a Quiet Day for the Sisters of St. Mary, Sierra Madre, where they are doing such a fine job with the parish day school. Towards the end of the month he conducted a Day of Devotion in Woodland, California.

Fr. Adams presided over Schools of Prayer in San Pedro February 12-14; El Segundo, 15-19; and Buena Park, 26-28, all in California.

Brother Michael preached a Teaching Mission in National City, California, February 19-26.

Father Smith will be leaving us

Mother House in preparation for his life profession in the Order.

Every week-end both Mount Calvary and St. Mary's Retreat House, operated by the Holy Nativity Sisters, are filled with retreats until far into the summer. From this general statement we must, of course, except Easter week, when we all feel the need of a bit of rest!

ORDER OF ST. HELENA

"Will the novices, not the postulants, please meet Sister Elizabeth in the reception room after the visit to the Blessed Sacrament?" The announcement was made at supper. While the rest of us went sedately to recreation, the novices, in work habits, armed with mops and pails and wearing a slightly triumphant expression, scrubbed the bluestone floor of the new chapel so the men could put on the final sealer the next morning. It was the last operation before the community moved into its new choir behind the red granite altar.

any working on the final details. Miss Janet de Coux, who made the altar, pyx and lamps and is working on the crucifix, and Miss Eliza Miller helped supervise the work. Jack Flannery, a little sheepish in white gloves (required for handling the teakwood cross), and his men, with some assistance from sisters who happened along at crucial moments, raised the great cross and set it on the pavement in the midst of the choir. The pyx was hung, and the four lamps around it.

On the 14th Father Turkington, OHC, celebrated the first Mass and we took our places in choir and began the regular round of worship in the new chapel.

Many times a day we give thanks to God for the beauty and dignity and simplicity of the new chapel; for its spaciousness and quiet; for the benefactors who made it possible; for the growth of the community which made it necessary, and for the fine workmanship and design of the

architects, craftsmen and artists who did the actual work of making.

Other things went on in January. Two novices were clothed and four postulants received. The first Quiet Day was given in the new chapel for a group of Church School teachers of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City. Sister Joan spent most of the month on mission in Georgia and South Carolina before going to Versailles, where she will be stationed until June.

Finally, we had the joy and pleasure of entertaining for two weeks Miss Rebecca Matthew, an Indian Christian of the Syrian Orthodox Church, who hopes to help establish a religious community in Kerala. She is spending a year with the Sisters of the Transfiguration in Glendale, Ohio. She is the principal of a school of 700 in her native country. During her visit she shared our community life, went to novices' class and choir practice, spoke to us one evening about the work of her church and the plans for the religi-

ous community (to be dedicated to St. Mary), cooked us an Indian supper with curry and showed us how to put on a sari. Her people have been Christians far longer than we. The church was established in India in very early times; St. Thomas the Apostle is said to have brought Christianity to South India. The sisters will do educational and social service work, much of it with very poor people. The rule provides for the recitation of the Divine Office, the liturgy of the Eucharist on Sundays and feasts, and for a long day, beginning at 4:30 and ending at 10, filled with prayer and labour.

We have long prayed for this group of Indian women and their priest, Father Kuriakose. It seemed especially fitting to have Miss Rebecca visit us during the octave of prayer for unity. It was with great hope and a new spirit of expectation that we kept the octave this year. There are so many signs, new signs, of the working of God within the Church, healing the breaches, calling us to

deeper charity and purer faith, that we seem to be on the threshold of something immeasurably great in the history of Christendom. May His Church be one outwardly as it is in Truth, inwardly.

VERSAILLES

The calendar year has begun, and with it a new tradition at Margaret Hall School, called, according to your preference, the Epiphany or Three Kings Party, or the Galette des Rois. The Cercle Polyglotte (or Francais) began planning before the holidays to celebrate Epiphany the day after the Feast by an Epiphany Fete, with a cake, containing a "feve" to point out the queen of the occasion, and a new record of Noels with harp and harpsichord accompaniment. There were many consultations and conferences about just how one makes such a cake, since we found the recipe given in our French cookbook unsuited to our taste and to our skill as patissieres. We thought that we were real pioneers in undertaking

itself to meet Kit Arndt arriving at school with dozens of little cakes for primary-grade children! Each chocolate-iced cake was decorated with three almonds, placed side by side to represent a crown, and tiny red cinnamon balls set in above the almonds for jewels. In the cakes were three almonds, whose finders at the party were honored as the representatives of the Three Kings. Kit also had bought a record, *Peter the Wolf*, for the delight of her children. She had made enough cakes to serve at faculty tea on several days in the Octave.

The final and crowning contribution to this para-liturgical three-ring circus was brought by the postman Saturday morning to Libby Sosa, a seventh-grader from New Orleans, in the form of a "King Cake," sent by her mother. The King Cake was an enormous "stollen," nearly thirty inches square, big enough to be shared with all fifty of the boarding school girls. ●

Mission.

- 1 Sr. Bridget. Garrison, N. Y., St. Philip, Talk on the Order.
- 2 Br. Francis. Guilford, Conn., Christ, Quiet Day.
- 4-5 Fr. Terry. New York, N. Y., St. Mary the Virgin, Quiet Day.
- 5-7 Fr. Tiedemann. Toronto, Ont., All Hallows, School of Prayer.
- 5-10 Fr. Baldwin. Fairfax, Va., Truro Church, Mission.
- 5-10 Fr. Turkington. South Bend, Ind., St. James' Cathedral, Mission.
- 5-8 Fr. Smith. San Diego, Calif., St. David, Children's Mission.
- 6 Fr. Parsell. New York, N. Y., Seaman's Church Institute, Talk on Liberia.
- 7 Sr. Clare. New Milford, Conn., St. John, Panel on Religious Life.
- 8 Fr. Terry. Philadelphia, Pa., Philadelphia Divinity School, Re-treat.
- 8 Sr. Elizabeth. Mad'son, N. J., Grace, Talk on the Religious Life.
- 9 Fr. Packard. San Marino, Calif., Quiet Day for the Clergy.
- 10-14 Fr. Packard. San Francisco, Calif., Advent, School of Religion.
- 12 Fr. Parsell. Hudson, N. Y., Christ, Talk on Liberia.
- 12-17 Fr. Baldwin. College Park, Ga., St. John, Mission.
- 12-17 Fr. Adams. Bremerton, Wash., School of Prayer.
- 12-14 Fr. Terry. Hamilton, Ohio, Trinity, School of Prayer.
- 14-15 Sr. Clare. Sparta, N. J., St. Mary, Talk on Prayer, Quiet Day.
- 15-19 Fr. Turkington. Norristown, Pa., St. John, Mission.
- 18 Sr. Joan. Louisville, Ky., Grace, Quiet Day.
- 19-24 Fr. Hawkins. Harrington Park, N. J., St. Andrew, Mission.
- 19-26 Fr. Adams. Seattle, Wash., Trinity, Mission.
- 19-24 Fr. Francis. Harrington Park, N. J., St. Andrew, Children's Mission.
- 20-24 Fr. Baldwin. Chattanooga, Tenn., St. Paul, Noon Preaching.
- 21 Sr. Bridget. Peekskill, N. Y., St. Peter, Talk on Religious Orders.
- 23 Sr. Clare. Allison Park, Pa., St. Thomas, Quiet Day.
- 24 Sr. Alice. West Palm Beach, Fla., Quiet Day.
- 25-31 Fr. Hawkins. Detroit, Mich., Messiah, Mission.
- 25-26 Sr. Alice. Jupiter, Fla., Good Shepherd, Quiet Day, Address.
- 26-31 Fr. Packard. Pueblo, Colo., Ascension, Preaching.
- 31 Fr. Tiedemann. New York, N. Y., Transfiguration, Three Hours.
- 31 Fr. Adams. San Francisco, Calif., Advent, Three Hours.

HAND EMBROIDERED ALTAR LINENS

Our Exquisite Imported Linens appeal to the most discriminating taste. They are Hand Embroidered and made to your specifications. Write for illustrated Brochure. Also, **new, crease resisting Alb Linens** and other beautiful Linens by the yard.

MARY MOORE,

Box 394C Davenport, Iowa

"PILGRIMAGES"

Takes you on a 20 day visit to the **HOLY LAND**—London, Rome & Athens for only \$987 inclusive. 1961 Tours leave New York via JET June 18th & July 16th. Not just a sightseeing trip but a devotional experience, led by priests of the Church. **FOLLOW** in His footsteps at the Sea of Galilee, in Nazareth, Bethlehem and Jerusalem. **SEE** His country as He knew it. **PRAY** at the Garden of Gethsemane, in the Via Dolorosa, on Mount Calvary, at the Holy Sepulchre. For information and brochure write:

PILGRIMAGES

114 Atlantic Avenue Ocean City, N. J.

LETTER-SIZE TRACTS FOR

LENT

100 Copies of one subject — \$1.50

Minimum Order: 25 Copies — 40 cents

- THE PATH OF REPENTANCE
- A CATHOLIC KEEPS LENT
- THE SIGN OF THE CROSS
- THE CROSS OF ASHES

HOLY CROSS PUBLICATIONS

WEST PARK, N. Y.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

Mount St. Gabriel, Peekskill-on-Hudson, N. Y. — **A Boarding School for Girls.** College Preparatory and General Courses. Music, Arts, Dramatics, Riding, Modified Kent Plan. Under the care of the Sisters of St. Mary. For Catalog address: **The Sister Superior.** For **Cards and Illuminations** write: St. Mary's Convent, Peekskill, N. Y. For **Rosaries**, write St. Mary's School, Sewanee, Tenn.

THE ANGLICAN MISSAL

Revised American Edition — Bound in Red fabrikoid with Gold edges, leather tabs, ribbon markers. Printed on slightly tinted thin paper or rag content. **Ordinary and Canon in two colors.** Price \$60.00

The People's Missal — Bound in Red Blue or Black Cloth. Price \$7.50.

THE FRANK GAVIN
LITURGICAL FOUNDATION

Mount Sinai Long Island, N. Y.